

nations provided they only sub-  
the interests of the holy see. Ca-  
conduct: and seem extra-  
another country, but at Rome he  
arowed and honored. He became  
silloz of the Inquisition and of the  
igande, and in 1826, he received a  
nal's hat.

ie barber was not forgotten by his  
nate patron. He continued to per-  
his office about his person, and  
he saw the red cap upon the head  
pellari, he repeated with more as-  
sice than ever: "When you shall  
ope, I will still be your barber."—  
he last step in the ascent remained  
taken, and it was not the easiest.  
could Capellari, who had never held  
great diplomatic office, who was  
ly unknown out of Rome, how  
d this prodding theologian, who had  
led much, no doubt, but whose books  
full of old women's fables, how, I  
could he obtain the triple crown?  
ve already given you the solution  
is problem. Cardinal Capellari was  
vinted because he had no superior  
t. It is easier to imagine than to  
ribe the joy, the transport, the ex-  
of the barber Gaetanino, when his  
prediction fully filled. He was  
st, as he had said so many times,  
d to the honor of being the Pope's  
er.

Accordingly, when Gregory XVI.  
installed in the palace of the Vati-  
Gaetanino, with his wife and chil-  
occupied splendid apartments in  
very dwelling of the holy father.  
barber was appointed *cameriere*,  
vant of the bedchamber): he receiv-  
he respectful homage of the bishops  
other ecclesiastical dignitaries, who  
re had paid him no attention. He  
loaded with riches by the Pope's  
ificence. A journal affirms that  
anino now owns several domains of  
ons, counts and marquises. He is  
ome, indeed, the most influential  
in Rome.

Gregory XVI., naturally timid, ex-  
gging suddenly the quiet life of a  
rk for the noise, intrigues and per-  
ities of his government, sought for  
vorite, a confident in Gaetanino, and  
arted to him all his thoughts. Af-  
guring in public and pompous cer-  
cies, or delivering a speech in the  
eil of Cardinals, he seeks at night  
family of the barber, to rest from  
fatigue and taste the sweets of do-  
tic life. Gaetanino seems to be a  
of good sense, who has not become  
ly by his great fortune. He is the  
ident of the Pope in all his difficul-

How shameful for intelligent beings to  
prostrate themselves before a feeble old  
man, who is himself under subjection to  
an obscure household servant! Let us  
thank God that we, Protestants, ac-  
knowledge no other authority than that  
of the Lord and his holy Word!

### Cure of Millerism.

We know not when we have seen a  
method of argumentation which pleased  
us better, for its adaptedness to the sub-  
ject to be convinced, than did the fol-  
lowing, related by Rev. A. Bennet, in  
a communication to the N. Y. Baptist  
Register, dated at Newport, N. H.—  
The lady spoken of is a woman for the  
times, and deserves a doctorate for the  
originality and efficacy of her prescrip-  
tion for a hurtful malady—*Ch. Mirror*.

"Some of our honest friends in these  
parts, who were looking for the king-  
dom of God to immediately appear,  
concluded, as it did not come in 1843,  
that the earth might not be cultivated  
any more, and therefore ceased to work;  
and the select-men of the town have in  
some instances caused their farms to be  
tilled. One of these mistaken brethren  
said to his wife, 'I am resolved to work  
no more; I think it wrong to gather  
any more of the fruits of the earth.'—  
The next morning he arose and walked  
abroad to meditate. Returning he asked  
his wife if she had breakfast ready.  
She said, 'No.' 'But,' he asked,  
'are you not going to get any?' She  
answered, 'No; for,' said she, 'you  
say it is not your duty to work, and if  
it is not your duty, it is not mine; and  
if the fruits of the earth may not be gath-  
ered in, they may not be cooked after  
they are gathered. I am resolved to  
submit with you to the will of God, and  
abide the consequences.' He walked  
out again, and after a while he return-  
ed and said to his wife, 'If you will go  
and get me some breakfast, I will go to  
work.'"

### A Man Overboard!

The following incident was related to the  
writer by a veteran East India captain:—

One day, towards evening, as the ves-  
sel was running about five knots an hour,  
the appalling cry was suddenly heard—  
"A man overboard!" Instantly every  
effort was made to lay the ship to—a  
boat was lowered, and several stout  
hands and bold hearts were embarked  
in her, and pulling astern with all their  
might, in quest of their lost shipmate.  
The general concern and anxiety for  
his recovery was greatly increased when

occurs of sin and sorrow, and the Lord Je-  
sus Christ, the almighty Captain of Sal-  
vation, is looking abroad for those who  
are willing to be rescued from the deep.  
O, let your hand and voice be lifted up  
to Him for help! Cry to Him from the  
deep, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on  
me! Lord, save me! perish not! O take  
me, draw me, weak, fainting as I am,  
out of these floods of guilt and tempta-  
tion—place me in safety by thy side!—  
Let me make with thee the voyage of  
life, and enter with thee the port of eter-  
nal rest, and spend eternity with thee,  
on the blissful shores of the heavenly  
Canaan!"—*N. York Ch. Int.*

The recent departure of the much-loved pastor, of the  
church in N., has awakened the spirit of poetry, in one  
of the young members, whose first effort has produced  
the lines below.

For Zion's Advocate.

#### MY PASTOR.

When rushing on the way to hell,  
Where satan reigns and devils dwell,  
Who did my end, my doom foretell?  
My Pastor.

When firm on death, my soul was bent,  
Well pleas'd to sin, nor would repent,  
Whose heart with anguish then was rent?  
My Pastor's.

At length when each remonstrance fail'd,  
And mad with rage, I him assail'd,  
Whose prayer in secret then prevail'd?  
My Pastor's.

When smit by God's Almighty hand,  
Beneath whose wrath, no one can stand,  
Whose help was sought with no demand?  
My Pastor's.

Who ready stood to heed my call,  
To turn to sweet the bitter gall,  
Though oft have caused his tears to fall?  
My Pastor.

Who kindly soothed my troubled breast,  
As on my heart God's love impress'd,  
How Jesus died to make me blest?  
My Pastor.

When unbelief had sealed my eyes,  
And chain'd my faith, lest I should rise,  
Who bore me frequent to the skies?  
My Pastor.

When now the Savior heard my cry,  
And wash'd my guilt of deepest dye,  
To whom in rapture did I fly?  
My Pastor.

Who waiting leads a welcome hail,  
And joyful heard the willing tale,  
And pray'd my faith might never fail?  
My Pastor.

As oft as sin and Satan strove,  
To blast my love, recall my woes,  
So oft for me, whose pray'rs arose?  
My Pastor's.

So when thy foes around thee press,  
To crush thy hope, thy soul distress,  
Twill be my turn to shield thy breast,  
My Pastor.

And when thy work shall all be done,  
The Father's glory shall be shown.

is the all. I fol-  
lowed therefore  
some of the  
referred to the  
"Are you?"  
had not for the  
words weighed up  
felt that "by the  
could say, "I am

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Luther. Let then  
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ed which will we  
qually genuine wi-  
you shall know it  
the praise.

Yours,

Ingouville, Ma-  
[S]

### Manufactur

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ed machinery, is  
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